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BEING LED

A STORY OF TRUTH

By LURA M. ACKERMAN

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A STORY OF TRUTH

by

LURA M. ACKERMAN

Author of Days of Grace, Rose Petals,
The Lesser Children, Chubby
and others

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LURA M. ACKERMAN

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No. 1.

Dedicated

To The Memory of

MY MOTHER

The Dearest Ever

Because She Was Mine

* * * * * * *

PREFACE

Dear Reader:

I will not give a sketch of my life in this narrative; will defer that until some future time. It will be interesting in many respects tracing my ancestry to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, on the maternal side, and the landing of the Huguenots, on the paternal. Also episodes in my individual life in consequence of mongrel tendencies, always leaning toward the strength of character possessed by my Welsh ancestry, the love of the beautiful and ideal in nature creative, abounding in spiritual qualities; a high-spirited, sensitive nature from my French and Scotch ancestry, reasoning powers, head-strong tendencies from the Holland, all mellowed into a rounded out life. Influenced and "Being Led" by power Divine, through paths thorny and rough, into those more flowery and smooth, thence to the high road of spiritual thinking, always "Being Led,"

realizing the leading to quiet pastures green, always green and fresh with thoughts of Love, Truth and Peace. I have also been led to write this book for you, my first written experience of "Being Led" through four seasons of the year nineteen hundred and fifteen.

That you may feel the inspiration of "Being Led," as I was, is the earnest wish of the author.

"The root of all knowledge is the knowledge of God. Glory be to Him! All other knowledge is impossible save through His manifestations."

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BEING LED

I
PRELIMINARY

IT IS seldom we hear of a maiden speech or a first book written after one passes the meridian of life, or reaches the "Youth of Old Age," but the idea was conceived and given birth in the short period of twenty-four hours—just a day.

I must admit my love for composition in my school days. I recall the last Friday of each month, when we were obliged to compose a story or an adventure, real or imaginary, in the short period of an hour, each one to be read aloud. A committee of three was chosen from the class to select the best from the boys, and another from the girls, these to be written in the monthly school paper, and read at the public entertainment given quarterly in the Assembly Hall.

I was very happy to hear my composition read often. We did not know whose had been chosen until that day. Often when reading a

book, my aspirations would soar to thoughts so pure and beautiful that I would then think of making an attempt, but every-day duties and pleasures would deluge these pearls of thought for a time. Like everything we enjoy, that tempts us again and again, so this idea of writing a book has lured me on until it has me a captive, inveigled me, as it were, to write. I might have written long ere this, but it needed the last two years of my life, the awaking to the marvelous Light that has burst upon the world within these last days, spoken of in Scripture.

"When Knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, this Light, when cast on the mirrors of the wise, gives expression to wisdom; when reflected from the minds of artists, it produces manifestations of new and beautiful arts; when it shines through the minds of students it reveals Knowledge and unfolds mysteries." This light has so permeated my soul and revealed what Truth and Reality is, that evidences have crossed my path daily—almost hourly—of beauty, and goodness in all things under the sun.

Would you know where to find this Light? Turn your face to the East, as the Wise Men of old, who followed the star, "Being Led" to the manifestation of God's Love.

II
DREAMS AND VISIONS

"THE young man shall dream dreams, and the old men see visions," the good book says.

I will change this latter part to old women. They say we must never admit age, which is not difficult to do if the heart stays young and the mind remains responsive to the best things of the age in which we are living. Oh, if every one knew that this is God's day! He is proving who are His. Everything that has been prophesied has been fulfilled.

Well, I am young enough to dream dreams, and old enough to see visions. The one dream of a part of my life, culminating in a vision, occult, spiritual and sublime, was clarified by opti-

mistic reasoning, inherited as I have told you from my Holland ancestry, who are noted for their perseverance, thrift and endurance.

The dream of a "bungalow" began to frame itself into a vision so beautiful that years could not efface it. I'll tell you the vision. A California bungalow, not "built for two," as the song runs,—"Big enough for me and Rosy, where the red, red roses grow," but large enough for comfort, all on one floor. A living room, one double bedroom and one single, bath, kitchenette, a large roomy porch; to be built on some knoll, elevation about six hundred feet above the level—not so secluded that we felt away from all civilization.

To find a suitable location an hour from the Metropolis, three or four minutes from the railroad station. This is where one could pass the summer season, and spring if so desired, in comfort and ease, in God's free air, a tone to nature, that one needs.

How much we do to keep this temple, in which is God's throne, beautiful and healthy. It

is His, only loaned to us, as is everything material, to serve Him. Let us learn this prayer and repeat it each day:

> "Oh, my God; Thy name is my healing; Thy remembrance is my remedy; Thy love is my companion; Thy mercy is my need and my aid in the world and in the Day of Judgment. Verily Thou art the Knower and the Wise."

III

PERSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE

DEAR friend; let me call you friend, as I expect to become very well acquainted ere you have finished reading this book, so well acquainted that we shall exchange confidences, I am sure.

The Perspective of my vision came next. I could see bungalow, the size plot, the knoll, the beautiful view, in my mind's eye—through the

vista of difficulties, obstacles, censure, and the absolutely necessary wherewithal.

Would you believe it, they all melted as dew drops. When the glorious rays of the morning sun appear, even the wherewithal appeared in a most miraculous way. I bided my time, always "Being Led." Strange to say, I was invited to spend a few days at the home of a relative at T———. Just a word in commendation of him, and his beautiful wife, both young; he, the sturdy little New Englander, full of ambition, alive to everything in the business world, an eye for the beautiful and the growing hand, as it were; his home, surrounded by a well-kept garden, whose flowers show culture and extreme care, the row of choice roses down each side of the front pathway seemed the largest and most beautiful I had ever seen. The vegetable garden —you should have seen it! The little peach orchard, all kept so neat and beautiful, that your heart responds to the beauty by praise.

Let us see the wife; she is only twenty-three, but the mother of two beautiful boys, one five

years and the other eight months old. Her face, that of Grecian type, any one who might study it a few moments would suggest for an artist, the beautiful sparkling, brown eyes, the cherry lips, a veritable "cupid's bow," olive complexion, a brow surrounded by the most luxuriant brown tresses, so heavy that it might be the envy of many a maid of these days—so glorious and womanly, a domestic, self-sacrificing mother; firm and discreet with her boys, who will in after years manifest self-reliance and confidence in mankind.

Pardon my taking you into this little by-path of intelligence; I want you to become acquainted with all who have added a day's interest in my plans. How we realize "Being Led" not only four seasons of a year, but the four seasons of our life.

Have you ever wondered how, or tried, to master a situation? Why I crossed this path? How did I happen to meet this dear friend? Take my advice, and do not try; you cannot fathom these conditions. Just sum it up in these two

words, "Being Led" to this situation or that, the meeting of a congenial person, or otherwise, as beyond our control. We only know we have met, and it must be right, as we had nothing to do with planning the meeting—it was planned for us.

Now for the Prospective. The visit was an enjoyable one. Our motor ride over the country, affording the necessary prospect for bungalows, galore. We gleaned this information: A few plots left, the only one I wanted almost sold. Providence meant I should have it, as you will see.

We returned after a most delightful visit, with hope high; almost had it built and furnished (womanlike) before we were sure of anything.

"Every bird seeks a nest, and each nightingale desires the beauty of the flowers, but the birds of the minds of men are content with mortal dust, and are far from the Eternal Nest."

IV
PROSPECTIVE PLAN

IT WAS Socrates who said, "Know Thyself." You would think a woman with such little wisdom would not attempt to add to or take from this grand philosopher's wisdom, but if you will pardon my apparent arrogance, I will add to this old saying,—Know thyself, and then forget yourself.

It seems a paradox, does it not? First get acquainted with your real self; if you do, you will find you are a good sort of a fellow after all.

It is not necessary to flatter; it may bring conceit, but pat yourself on the back; you deserve it sometimes. Then when you cannot agree with all the good things, self says to you, do not argue, for arguing carries one beyond patience. If you do this, it will help your real self so to train you and lead you that, marvelous to relate, you will have such confidence and trust in that dear, good self (which is you), that absolute forgetfulness of the other timid selfish

person we thought we were, fades away and we are confidently reassured of success.

Knowing by this time that our other self is none other than God within.

Oh, the joy experienced in knowing our reality is spiritual and to be depended upon. Then we forget the unreal, the consciousness of the old self, only seeing and feeling the truth that looms up in all things in this world. As a ship looming up at sea in the darkness, is passed by the light of the intelligence of the mariner so we must master the old self that is in darkness.

Back to prospective plans these beautiful thoughts multiply until I forget and am lost, soaring in unlimited space of that greatest force,—thought.

Oh, joy, the wherewithal! The deal closed —ideas exchanged—plans drawn—my relative to superintend the building.

Don't you love to see those blue prints? Aren't they fascinating? Those little white marks designating so many feet and inches, so often deceiving us in size.

I'll tell you the plans, for fear you have forgotten: A Dutch door, with hinges and knocker, concrete platform with brick risers, three steps, a concrete chimney—built on the outside; shingles in light brown, the upper part, concrete the lower; a living room—good size, with several windows, a long French one, a Dutch concrete chimney, with open fire place; two bed rooms, one double, one single; bath room, kitchenette; a beautiful porch nine feet wide, with two sides meeting at corner.

I'm not going to tell you any more; as soon as it is finished you must come with me and tell me what you think of it.

Who would think I could have confidence enough in myself, and trust others, to carry out all the details in the building, pay bills, cash checks—just like any other business woman.

Well, I did, and so could you if you will confide in your real self while you are "being led."

"Thy heart is my home; purify it for my descent. Thy spirit is my outlook; prepare it for my manifestation."

V
MOVING DAY

WOULD you believe it; it's all finished, excepting some of the plumbing! The last time I saw it I could not help thinking what a fortunate woman to have succeeded in carrying out all plans, and here, just adjoining my cousin's property is my plot, on a knoll surrounded by the dearest cedar trees. They will have to be cleared out some. A most beautiful view of the mountains, which are the most velvety green in this Spring season, bidding fair to be a beautiful verdant summer.

How my heart throbs with joy in anticipation of how a few weeks' work could transform these grounds to a garden of blooms and winding paths, cedars forming a half circle on one side, and a bit of grove on the other.

I must have a pergola, summer-house, croquet court, a garage, a well-made roadway, a dozen bird houses to be placed in the trees sur-

rounding, one for our graceful umbrella-shaped little apple tree, before my front door.

I knew everything would shape itself in a short period of time,—Time, that ever flattering thief of our natural lives, creeping so stealthily along our path, almost unobserved, before we are aware of its ravages.

We cannot or do not wish to see the little creases, the settled features, the few silver strands peeping through the brown.

Soon we meet an old friend, whom we have not seen for years. We rehearse our school days —our gala days—our matronly days. The same expression comes from our lips. I guess we are traveling faster than we thought.

But, dear Reader, not till you have crossed, or passed the meridian of life are you upon the express train of Time. The weeks and days pass, comparatively, as we pass each little hamlet, brook and grove on a White Mountain express.

Does it seem possible? Here we are to our moving day! That day; shall I ever forget it? I had collected, sorted, tied bundles, large and

small, filled trunks with curtains and hangings, bric-a-brac, carefully packed silverware, bedding, crockery, cooking utensils, table linen, tables and last, but not least, my phonograph.

An electric van hired, and I in the middle of it, with two birds, my "Polly" (Loreta) and "Michael" (that's my dog): "The menagerie with the keeper," I exclaimed.

All-aboard, we are off with a speed quite in advance of the old-fashioned moving van; over hills, down dales, quick turns, sudden lurches, everyone we met no doubt thinking me dispossessed. What a novel experience!

A charming day, and great expectations filling my mind, when the beautiful water met my view, then the mountains in the distance——. My, here we are at the bridge; then another bridge, and the dear little white church with the green mounds at the back, so quiet and peaceful are those beneath them. This thought entered my mind: I wonder what you would say if you could speak about this modern vehicle of transportation, and its occupants.

Now we are passing the library, a little box-shaped building, with one window. Some one said it contained two books and a few magazines. I think that was slander.

Over the hill to the country grocery store, another bridge, then a long hill, when, what's this I see? My little gray home in T———, all finished waiting for its owner.

How glad to reach my destination, so was the menagerie.

I will not tell you more now, as there is so much to follow that will interest you, that you may read my book with hopes of reading it again, or passing it to a friend. If so, please remember the title and the author.

When you write to the librarian do not follow the example of the young woman who wrote as follows: "My dear Miss C., have you the book I read about a month ago? I cannot recall the title or the author, but it had a blue cover with thistles all over it, quite fine print. I have also forgotten the number. I would so much like to have the book again."

"Free thyself from the wordly bond; escape from the prison of thy self and appreciate the value of the time, for thou shalt never see it again, nor shalt thou find a like opportunity."

VI
GETTING SETTLED

IF THERE is one thing I enjoy more than another, it is turning chaos into order. Have you ever had your Horoscope read? I have, several times, once by an adept. She told me of so many characteristics, absolutely true, that I am inclined to think there is truth in it. One thing in particular she told me was this: My "hobby" is to arrange homes and make them pretty and attractive. I do love to plan and fuss, study blending of colors. The truth is, have my whole house furnished, in my mind, long before it is accomplished; and now another house.

How shall I ever get all these trunks and boxes unpacked, all these windows cleaned; so

many things, huddled together in the living room. Well, here is my brother! Did you ever have a brother? I have had three, two are living this life, and one living the spiritual.

Just let me say a few words about these brothers: I am the only girl of the family, but not spoiled. I do not believe "only girls" are always spoiled; on the contrary, they become very matronly, especially if they have two younger brothers. The care and thought for these little brothers, in her younger days, is an education and training she never forgets. My eldest brother left us just at that period of life, when a young father, with a little family of three, the youngest two years and a half old, leaving all his hopes and desires for them in this world unrealized.

Our Lord provides a way, where one is taken and another left.

It was the first break in our immediate family. "My eldest boy, the baby boy who came to me when I was only a girl mother," were my dear mother's words in her grief. A brave, unselfish,

ambitious young man passed from us. All the love and care we gave him could not keep him here. God took him. How sad it seems for the young and ambitious to go. The way was provided for his family.

My next brother, who by the way is the student of the family, and education his "hobby." He took this little two-and-a-half-year-old boy when his "Daddy" left us, now a lad of eighteen, as his protege. You must know a few letters that follow his name: L. L. D., P. H. D., etc.

Did you ever hear of Elijah Jackson, the colored organ blower of an Episcopal church somewhere in the South? He looked upon his position as professional, so wrote his name, "E. Jackson, P. O. B." The rector asked him one day what these letters stood for. He answered, "Why, do'an you know what dey stan' for, Parson?" "Why, no, Elijah, you will have to tell me." "Well, I jes tot dat you had 'D. D.' after your name, and the Doctor, 'M. D.', Mr. Brown, the lawyer, 'LL.D.', and my position in dis here house of-de-Lord is an important one, and requires P.O.B. to follow it.

"Now, do'an you know what it stan's for? Well, 'Piscopal Organ Blower.' "

No reflection on my dear brother, whom we look to for all advice, and every bit of data for our family tree.

I must tell you what his nephew told his uncle when he started to school at six years:

"I'll go to school, Uncle B. and learn as fast as I can, but I do not think I'll study psychology."

He is a bright young lad, now at Harvard, with a promising future, and I hope a comfort for his dear Uncle.

You must hear of my baby brother. He came to us when I was sixteen; that's why I seem a mother to him. A great six-footer, a jolly, good fellow, whose laugh and wit would do you good; a Lafayette boy. College life changed him from a bashful, depending boy to a manly man, whose tender heart and loving disposition has surrounded him with many friends of both genders.

He is waiting to help me with all that goes with unpacking and settling. You should have

seen us hustle. It did not take long, with a native woman to help us. In less than two or three days we were satisfied with our efforts; and order was very near.

I'm going to invite you in my next chapter, to see for yourself in imagination, this nest, this nook that I love.

"Close one eye, and open the other; close one to the world and all that is therein, and open the other to the Holy Beauty of the Beloved."

VII

LITTLE HOUSE OF MY DREAMS

"Oh, little house, with windows wide,
A-looking toward the (sea) (Hills),
How have you come? Why have you come
To mean so much to me?

Your walls within my heart are raised,
And, Oh, how strange it seems.
My hopes but measure to your roof.
Oh, little house o' dreams.

Oh, little place where friends will come,
The tangled world to flee.
Brave little nook where peace will bide,
And hospitality.

Pray, where the magic wand I need
To touch your slender beams,
And change you to a home in truth.
Oh, little house o' my dreams."

It hardly seems possible that we have been located a month. Time flies when we are happy.

It is the Fourth of July, the first month of my third season. Seems as though we had known each other longer. You seem to be so interested in my story to be so patient with the personal experiences, I think by the time I'm through, we shall be old friends.

We worked like pioneers of the West, uprooting trees, making paths and flower beds in different shapes, planting choice flowers, the bright red salvia along the front of the house, roses, sweet roses, the emblem of war and love; some boxwood and ivy brought from Mt. Vernon.

That reminds me of my visit to Washington, D. C., the Capitol of our country. Have you ever visited that city in the month of May? If not, try and do so. Of course it is one month in advance of our season, as to foliage and trees, those beautiful trees, so symmetrical as to size; the parks, circles, statues of our generals, the avenues of homes occupied and being occupied by the Diplomatic circle, our Representatives, the wonderful library, Pan-American building, D. A. R. building, museums. Our Capitol, the most imposing in the world, they say.

Our sail down the Potomac to dear old Mount Vernon. How I love it. I think it must be the most beautiful spot in the world. We spent a day there, and what a day it was, replete with thoughts of our dear Washington, a man of taste and refinement, a love for the beautiful, as this land-mark shows.

Walk through his garden, see the boxwood planted all in different designs. The old keeper says the General designed it and planted it. We met a civil engineer who was employed by the

Government some years ago to correct the sliding of the land into the Potomac. We were very much interested as he explained how the retaining wall was built, and how our Mount Vernon was saved for us.

We gleaned much information as to where the stone for the pavement came from and how the oblong flat boards or shingles representing the shape of a white stone were made.

Again we visited each room, always something to see that had missed our eye previously.

The beautiful walk to the tomb. I could spend hours there; such a hallowed spot, surrounded by the resting places of the family, which were protected by a fence of substantial material.

The most important person was the Historian, an old darky whose face shines like patent leather. His manner that of extreme reverence; any questions answered. He is the last one of the family servants. This spirit of reverence is manifested by all tourists; hats removed and quietude prevails.

We viewed the interior through grated doors. How we pictured those forms of General Wash-

ington and his beloved wife, Martha, that have lain there for so long a time.

They are decorated with large wreaths, most beautiful, sent in advance by the Pan-American delegation, who are to visit Mount Vernon this day. What a mark of respect to the "Father of our country," we thought as we admired them.

Hark! The signal; they are coming, and as we look through the vista of trees up that picturesque, winding river, we spy the "Mayflower" (so appropriately named) in the distance. Indeed it was a picture for an artist, just as the sun's shadows were lengthening, this graceful yacht making its way as fast as possible with its cargo of dignitaries.

They could not land at the pier on account of the water being too shallow, but in mid-stream we watched the small boat fill and fill again until all had landed.

Our warning had sounded; our time to sail had arrived and we sailed away, watching until we could just see the last group of trees, in turning the bend of the river.

Then came the relating of our experience, enjoying at the same time, the late afternoon sail. The sun illuminating the western shore, its rays reflecting in the water, which is not as clear as our northern rivers.

As we near the city the grand old Colonial Lee Homestead comes into view; another sacred and hallowed spot.

Our Arlington! We spent Decoration Day there; such a treat to attend the exercises held by the Grand Army of the Republic in honor of the noble lives that were sacrificed in that cruel war.

Here we are, about to land. I'm not sorry, as sight-seeing is tiresome, and we were feeling the need of another meal, even though we had done justice to the fried chicken and fresh strawberries picked from the Mount Vernon garden, which were so large and luscious.

Did you ever eat all the strawberries you wanted? Aren't they delicious as long as they last?

We must not overlook our White House occupied by our devoted President.

Where were we? Oh, yes, the remark was a general one,—that our grounds, so orderly and cultivated, new grown grass and shrubbery. They couldn't believe but we were old residents.

How would you like to call at "Kumtoit?" How do you like the name? I thought it sounded Indian-like, and suggested hospitality.

Before our Indian brothers were hunted and driven farther west this locality was an Indian reservation. Indeed the stories of old settlers are really graphic. Flint, relics, even strings of beads, arrow heads, etc., are excavated quite often. I'm so glad it is so. How historic! What a charm is added to "Kumtoit!" There is something about an Indian I admire. Their ingeniousness, their loyalty to their own, their secretiveness. After the deceit practiced in robbing them of their own—or what seemed to be their own—can we blame them?

However, I must say I prefer a wooden one at close range, and the only ones I do not like are the ones placed on the screen so often to fill in, especially when I attend the "Movies."

We shall turn in from the main road, then come with me; in a few seconds we see the little brown sign with white letters, "Kumtoit," hung from a pretty cedar tree; then the path bordered by roses.

About thirty feet back stands all you have heard about. The graceful little apple tree just in front of the front door. Now up the few steps to our Dutch door. Take particular notice of its long, flat hinges, knob and knocker of wrought iron. I know you would enjoy at any time to open the top half and recline on the lower, and, in a meditative mood, view the landscape o'er.

What do you think of the living room? Isn't it a good size? The Dutch chimney and open fire-place, with a large blue platter and blue tile sunken into the plaster. Two steer horns mounted on dark blue plush at the top, a Dutch square clock, brass candlesticks, with starry prisms, the brass andirons, then the long French window, with the center one on hinges.

Our China closet, tinted glass doors, the large door opening on the porch. We will go out the

other way to see the porch, as I would rather you would see that last, for you will feel like reclining in one of our porch chairs or stretching yourself upon the hammock.

Next, my old fashioned, round candle table, two hundred years old, covered with a Japanese cover, on its brass candlestick and brass samovar swinging on its swivel. These, by the way, all have to be kept shining.

A large library table of mission oak fills one corner, a couch with soft downy pillows, another. Four large easy chairs, upholstered in leather. The walls are tinted cream and hangings are of old blue, with rug the same color.

I shall not ask you to notice all my wall decorations, only these two pictures, this pastoral scene—"Sheep Grazing", with tints of the blue, gray and green, most peaceful, is it not? I can almost see those gentle sheep move. The other entitled "Welcome Guest." No doubt you have seen this before, as it is quite popular. A maiden beside a long French window, in Colonial times, turns shyly but smilingly toward the door to

greet the lover, who has opened the door apparently unheard. How surprised she appears, but, I think she was looking for him, don't you?

You see my curtains are cream scrim, with blue border. This one door leads to our room, of "shell" pink walls, twin beds, with French flowered cretonne coverlets, a glass top dresser, stationery, some cretonne beneath the top; three windows you see curtained with white and pink scrim curtains. Our two corner curtains are our closets. A pink rag rug covers the floor.

The door beside this door enters our guest room. Wouldn't you like to stay over? I wager you would rest peacefully in this little room, with white and green lace curtains at each window; green and white cretonne coverlet and corner curtains; also the same under the glass top dresser, a green Mexican rug upon the floor, the cosiest, quietest room, and most comfortable bed you have ever tried.

Our bathroom, a door from each bed-room leads to it; another glass-topped dresser, with blue and white cretonne beneath; all these dres-

sers have deep drawers, so you see we are not cramped for room.

Our floors are all hardwood, and plastered walls. The bathroom is blue and white, blue rugs.

Another door leads to the porch. You see here I have a high, white screen filled with French blue silk; it reaches from dresser to door, transforming this to a blue passageway to our porch.

This is the crowning point of the whole affair; don't you think so?

Now rest a while and get your breath, either on the couch or the hammock, in one or the other of the large white wicker chairs, with cretonne cushions, and if you care to, draw it up to the round, white wicker corner table, filled with magazines and papers. How do you like the "Crex" rugs? They are the new green with the band border. Not a fly or mosquito can bother you, as you see it is all screened.

Where is our dining room? Why, right here on this one side of the porch! Isn't it novel?

Since I have done all the talking, just be "comf'y" and I'll go to our small kitchenette at

the other end of the porch, only large enough for a cupboard, oil stove, table and sink. You will be surprised when I tell you we have a cellar, with a large tank, a force pump, and boiler, with oil heater. Just think of it, in the country with city conveniences!

I will leave you here, in a retrospective mood. Look at the mountains in the distance. There's the summer-house. Just enjoy the scene, breathing this pure, soothing, mountain air. I'll meet you a little later, for I have much more to tell you, since you are my friend.

"Consort with all people with love and fragrance; fellowship is the cause of unity, and unity is the source of order in the world. Blessed are they who are kind and serve with love."

VIII
NIGHT AND MORNING

DON'T you think there is something entrancing in the stillness of the starry or moonlight nights in God's country? Nothing to mar it, but

the singing of the crickets, the different notes that we hear in Bug Life; its chorus of well modulated harmony, with an occasional obligato of the tree-toad or frog.

Speaking of crickets, I love to hear the crick of the cricket. Have you ever watched one? Strange as it may seem, the sound comes from its wings. It's a good omen to hear one on your hearth. One evening when our lights were lighted and we were settled for our evening hour, a husky cricket began his song. It came from the fire-place. We tried to locate the songster. He wasn't on the hearth. Loreta, the "Polly", heard it, and in her plain English, said "What is it?" Really it was amusing. Eventually we located him just under the edge of the Dutch clock on the mantle. We did not disturb him, but let him sing to his heart's content. He stayed with us several evenings, and disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

How cheery "Kumtoit" looks at evening time. The candles and lamps with colored shades, yellow in the large room, a rose one and

a green one for the porch, a wrought iron lantern with green and red glass, all blending in color. You can imagine the effect, that of an ideal stage setting.

"Being Led" is the most entrancing part of life. We seem almost blind-folded to its beauties, until they burst upon us, kaleidoscopic transformations in Nature's sweet laws.

This was our happy pastime, watching the glorious sunsets, never the same, with their beauteous rays, of enhancing shades, through the cedars.

To see fair Lunar, the thread-like silvery crescent in the west, so soon after the light of day disappears, whom we welcome as a friend that has left us for a while. How we try to catch the first glimpse over our right shoulder, always looking for good fortune; then we watch this young moon grow from quarter to three quarters, then the full grown moon, and as it climbs from the eastern horizon, doesn't its beauty and size allure us? The light reflected almost day.

What creates in our minds a greater admiration for God's handiwork than a glorious moon-

light night? The starry firmament seems to fade when this opaque planet reflecting the light of the sun appears; but, when it disappears, these lights of the firmament are twinkling just the same. These heavenly bodies sang the music of the spheres long before individual discoverers were dreamed of. They will never grow old.

How I love to study the heavens. Have you ever been South, far enough to see the southern cross? And did you notice how near the canopy of heaven seemed on a starry night?

The first experience of sleeping out of doors. Have you ever enjoyed it? My first was here on this porch, upon that comfortable couch. I will tell you a bit of it.

As usual I was counting my blessings, as I always do at night-fall, realizing the comfort and abandon of rules and regulations of bungalow life. Then a retrospective mood crept over me, and I began to think of the only real Americans that had chosen this crest of the hills for their hunting ground.

I could picture and almost see them moving

in their stealthy, crawling attitude, through the cedars; could hear their low monotone chatter, their war whoop and the wild unearthly shriek of the dance. I was glad to welcome the quiet, restful slumber; to forget all, even the Indians, the soothing sleep, undisturbed until the orb of day casts its streaks of light across the heavens, and the twitter of the feathered songsters announce the coming of day.

How faint that first little peep of awaking bird-life, then the twitter, and at last the song they love to sing on the wing.

"Arise ye slumbering mortals, the day is here, with all its moments—minutes—hours to fill with varied occupations. Heed our call and catch the first glimpse of its glory."

"At many a Dawn has the breeze of my Grace passed through thee, and found thee asleep upon the bed of neglect, and returning back, wept over thy condition."

IX
FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES

THE object of life, or the object of making life, as we are doing daily, consists in the moulding of our nature, the evolving or unfolding of all its possibilities. Our Father has created us social creatures. The crowning work of His creation is Man. The crowning work of evolution is the unfolding of the spirit within us, the realization of "Being Led."

To recognize this glowing fire of God in our being is the center of the living spirit, which is Life, the reality. When the fire of the love of God glows with the warmth that He can give it, we cannot quench it with thoughts of distrust, doubt, prejudice, or bigotry.

It so envelops us that we are unaware of its silent working.

Launched upon the sea of Life in this bark of the Master Builder's own design we must realize that we are of a social construction, and as naturally as a duckling takes to water, so we look

for friends. We hunger and thirst for congeniality and happiness arising from true friendship.

Have you ever had a true friend, the type I'll try to describe: One who knows all about you and loves you just the same, blind to the petty idiosyncracies of fickle Nature, just sees the good in you, censuring discreetly when needed, praising when deserved, a friend in need and deed, patiently listening to tales of woe, forgiving shortcomings, the word hastily spoken, the seeming slight; always the gold tried as by fire, sifted, weighed and not found wanting.

If you have such a friend, fortunate are you. This warmth of love in your heart, all unheeded by you, radiates that acquaintanceship, and friendship comes so naturally that effort and conventionalism both disappear. A kind word, a deed of service, a sense of good in the heart for every one we meet, gives us courage to keep on searching for it with faith in those we meet and with it comes the crowning of our efforts and, lo, we have a friend.

Our acquaintances at T——— were numerous. Our friends were many. I know your in-

terest is still keen enough to enjoy meeting some of them.

The population of this little community is greatly increased in the summer season. Although I was never given to neighboring, I certainly have enjoyed a friendly chat, a morning call, an afternoon tea, more in this village among the hills than anywhere else I can remember.

Here, as in other hamlets, there are characters we love to study, and away deep down under the seeming rough exterior we find the Light reflected.

The country grocery store and post office combined is presided over by the most odd appearing proprietor. His shock of red hair, uncut and never covered by a hat, appears a Paderewski, and the store a Dickens' Curiosity Shop. But there is his wife who must have known his real self, one of the prettiest, bright-eyed women you would ever want to see, with a family of happy, rosy-cheeked children.

Then George, the ice-man, a rough-spoken foreigner, enough money to retire, takes upon

himself the task of supplying ice to all the families. If George fails us, we are without ice, even if we have torrid weather. He never presents a bill, just trusts to your honesty. His children would do honor to the most refined.

"Farmer John" who lives a hermit's life, close as to saving just so much yearly from his crops, especially peaches. He never says a sentence without profanity. You would almost shrink from his unkempt appearance. Even he can be treated with kindness.

We find that the heart is tender in spots and beats true—if we listen for the beats.

You must meet Mr. and Mrs. R———, the first of my acquaintances. He is the village carpenter whose mild voice and manner bespeak a golden rule disposition. The wife, a Dickens character, in dress and manner. If you could hear her talk. The sound of her voice haunts me still. The words seem to echo as they roll from her tongue. You need not say one word if you so desire. Once in a while you feel like side-tracking her and try it; when she admits she talks too much.

The kindliest, most hospitable of my near neighbors, affectionate and thoughtful; I forgot her weakness and saw only the strength of character.

How many there were, but, as usual, we had those who seemed to get very near our hearts by sympathy, corresponding tendencies, affinities as it were, so we have lasting friendships, made that season of "Being Led." One in particular who interested us so much through sympathy, who was regaining his mental activities after a season of gloom and despondency; his true self, the real self was asserting itself so slowly. He could not realize it.

I shall never forget the fine cut face, the beautiful smile, with teeth to envy, a head covered with snow-white hair, seemingly too young for it. His brown car, revelation in mechanism; we called it "The Little Brown Jug." How we listened for his "Hellow, Mother—How-de-do—folks. Hellow Mike, you old sport!" (That's my dog).

Speaking of friends, have you ever owned a dog, an Irish terrier? No matter what kind he

may be, just a doggie, of no special make or breed. Have you ever looked into his eyes so soft and brown, as I have in "Michael's" eyes of intelligence, that tell me "I love you; I'll protect you." Who knows he belongs to you and no one else, and when you leave him for a day or so, cries and looks in every room to find you, and refuses to be comforted. How can you help loving such a friend, and praise God for his lesser children.

"In the garden of your heart plant only flowers of love; withdraw not from clinging to the Nightingale of love and yearning; esteem the friendship of the just, but withdraw both mind and hand from the company of the wicked."

X
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

MOTHER. Was there ever a sweeter word? How I love it, and how I loved her. How I love the memory of her. We were as one—our thoughts, our hopes, our aims were one. I thought I could not live without her, and she the

same of me. We were inseparable; her secrets were mine, and mine hers. But I know she is now invested with spiritual power, so far exceeding her power when here that they cannot even be compared. She was the kind of a mother who thought her children were never grown away from her care and advice. One of those motherly souls like an old mother hen, always concerned till we were all sheltered in the nest, covered by her protecting wings of love.

I thought when we were together I loved her dearly and served her as a true daughter, but since God took her I have thought how much more I could have done for her happiness. We become so used to the coddling of Mother that we are apt to forget until too late how much we owe her.

I would not call her back to this world of suffering and adjustment. How I long to see her. How I grieve for the touch of her hand, the word of sympathy and comfort, that only she could give me.

Her children call her blessed—always a friend to the friendless, a comfort and peace-

maker to all who came to her. God has her, and she is with those she loved so dearly. Never shall I forget her saying before she became delirious, "If I go, I shall wait for you." I firmly believe she is waiting until that time, when we shall be reunited. She is nearer than we imagine, but these eyes of ours are holden; we cannot see her, but she is protecting, directing and leading us to our Father, who is ever waiting and watching for every child to meet and greet them.

I am a mother, too, of the dearest girl, who was the idol of "Grandma." She had two mothers, greatly blessed, don't you think? I was so young when she came to me that Mother stood sponsor, almost claiming ownership, and often Mother "Number One" became Mother "Number Two," Mother "Number One" would say "No" —Mother "Number Two"—"Yes," but grandmothers are very, fine folks, the little boy said they let a chap do as he likes and don't worry about education. But this grandmother was not of that sort, for education of the best for us all was her chief aim.

Petting does not always spoil any more than sparing the rod, at any rate my little girl has grown to be a womanly woman, her mother's companion, critic, adviser, and all combined. Sometimes I think I might be the child, so mature does she try to be at times, and then again the cheery, mirthful, sunny child of the home.

Mother's ideas are respected and our plans and arguments usually terminate for the good of us both.

So mothers prepare daughters who in turn take their place. "Being Led" by a devout, cautious, loving mother is a child's greatest blessing. How we should appreciate it while we have her and brighten her days. The time comes all too soon when we would do so much if we could, but the opportunity is gone forever.

"Mother O' Mine" is a song I love to hear sung. It describes the extent of a true mother's love. Even now on the other side her prayers and devotion are for you. I almost omitted telling you our bungalow is a partnership affair, Daughter's and mine, and do you know, she is

so considerate of Mother's feelings, she allows me to call it mine.

Oh, the content and peacefulness of a mother's mind when she has the confidence of her children, especially that of a daughter.

"Greed must be abandoned, that thou mayest find content; for the greedy has ever been deprived, while the contented has ever been loved and esteemed."

XI
ENTERTAINING FRIENDS

DON'T you love to entertain? I do not mean in an elaborate manner, away beyond your means, but to have the open arms and heart to those who call us friend. Greetings of heartfelt response to the cordial hand-shake, the smile of sincerity, the grace and dignity of a thoughtful hostess. How apparently natural this all seemed at T———. Our friends multiplied and they did seem to enjoy being at "Kumtoit." For they

came so often, not too often for us. We enjoyed the clever repartee, the jokes and stories, the cosy little repasts of soft drinks and cookies, the evening's selections on the phonograph, and—eleven o'clock came all too soon.

Of course we gave our dance upon the croquet court. With grounds illuminated with Japanese lanterns, a very fairyland, they danced till early morn, all loth to leave. Oh, the straw rides, the marsh-mallow roasts on the mountain top, moonlight nights; auto rides, (musicales), week-end visits.

The days that my dear friends from home, my other home, came to visit us. How they seemed to catch the inspiration of bungalow life. We dined, had our spiritual talk, then to the observatory for the view. What a view it was! As far as the eye could see, the mountains and the valley, a farm here, another there, with patches of different shades of green, yellow and white, the farmers' fields of growing products, then the velvety green foliage of the mountains, the clear summer sky,—a day prepared especially

for our visitors; then the game of croquet, an almost relegated game, but there was merriment for us and so we had another game, just to train our dispositions.

The day passed all too quickly. The crowning affair of the season was the "surprise party" to Mother, an old-fashioned one. I think when a surprise is a real one, there is so much satisfaction to those who are in the plot. This was a real one. How cautious all their schemes were, never to create a suspicion to their plans.

I think they had an easy subject. Luckily, everything was in order. I was attired becomingly, having received callers through the day, when rap-rap-rap—from my little knocker. What! Another caller? I opened the door and there stood Miss H., her sweet face wreathed in smiles, my six-foot brother just back of her. I was so glad to see them. Of course they said, "We came to spend the evening with you." When another tap—and another couple followed by a large party of young girls and boys, married and single ladies, couples in wedded bliss, who

filed in singly, with baskets and parcels enough for a number twice the size.

"Hello, Mother!" came the familiar voice of Mr. S. "This is all my doings and it is your party!" They were all welcomed by me, with all the hospitality I could show. The only way I expressed my surprise was an almost hysterical laugh, which seemed contagious; they all joined me, so we began our festivities in a merry mood.

The evening was a cool one in the early part of September. Does it seem possible—"Being Led" to the third season?

How quickly the furniture was moved to the porch, that all lighted, a roaring fire on the hearth, candles burning everywhere. They danced by the light of the candles and fire. It was so romantic, the music so entrancing that before I knew it, Mother was dancing, too.

Then came the refreshment hour. The aroma of delicious coffee, cake of every kind, sandwiches that melted in your mouth, and enough ice cream to go twice around. Another evening of mirth and gayety. I can hear the laughter and merriment still, and so the early morning took

them away and left us with another sweet memory of our friends at T———.

What would we do without sweet memory? How it comes to us at all times at our bidding. Sometimes the sweetest moments and those of sadness and regret, revealing our gladdest and saddest days; which do we love most to recall? Our gladdest, I fear.

"Verily I say the most negligent of the servants is he who disputes and prefers himself to his brother; say, oh, brethren, adorn yourselves with deeds rather than words."

XII
AUTUMN DAYS

THE golden days of harvest are approaching. How swiftly they come. We feel the chilliness in the morning air, and watch the sun leave us so much sooner each day. These autumn sunsets are so varied and beautiful. Amber and blue, silver and dark blue, rose and gray,—we love to watch the blending of the tints.

What artist could compare with these colorings of the Master Hand? As the sea changes its color each season of the year, and September finds it the deep peacock blue shades, so the mountains have a blue misty color about them, discerned from the distance. The sky seems of different appearance. The trees begin to prematurely shed their leaves as if they were feeling their age approaching.

We hear the voice of the merry reaper as he passes by. The odor of new-mown hay and here and there see the hay mounds ready to be garnered, so we know ere long, mountain and valley and road will be glowing with all the varied tinted foliage, the warm red, the bright yellow, the russet and the evergreen, towering here and there to add a desired effect.

The artist has never walked this earth who could equal these colorings, even the brush of adept, for these are the reality, and their's the mere copy.

Our thoughts are turning homeward, and as we watch the dying embers of our cedar logs on

the hearth, after the bright colored flames shoot upward and light the whole room, as we gather about the fire-place these cool evenings, remembering again our time at T——— is short, passing away, as these embers were bright and beautiful not very long since so were our days here, and as they pass on so must we. We have heard directly of an admirer of "Kumtoit" making inquiry for the renting of it for the winter season. We were more than anxious to secure some one reliable, who would take it and enjoy it for the winter. But it must be the right party to protect it from neglect and destruction. It was not long ere Mr. and Mrs. W——— were given the privilege. I know they are happy, and so are we to have them so.

"Oh, Lord, I have turned my face to Thee. Enlighten it with the light of Thy face, and then protect it from turning to any but Thee."

XIII
RENOVATING AND MOVING

THE days of autoing back and forth to our city home to renovate the interior. It needed it. The painter and decorator, and all new hardwood floors, selecting our paper for all the rooms, so much noise and nerve-wrecking work, that I was glad to leave it in the hands of reliable people. Going from top to bottom, transforming the old to the new, one hardly knew it. I am going to defer your visit to this home until our next season, as I haven't the time to take you through.

The thought of moving again haunts and worries me some. I am so thankful we leave most everything of furniture at T———, so it will not be half the trouble. I am getting anxious, too, for city life appeals to me as winter approaches. I love this season, with all its pleasures, but it seems to be the season in which the great Reaper finds so much to do. Not only among the old, but the young and middle-aged are often His victims. I am pleased to tell you

we are all packed, ready to start, waiting for the auto van of small dimensions, a friend's auto, and our own to take us as fast as they can.

Our menagerie covered and strapped, all impatient to go. I really believe they know what it all means, having had the same experience not long since.

Here they are, and we are not sorry, as the clouds seem to look heavy and lowering. We would rather escape the sprinkle. Here are our tenants to bid us good bye, and Mrs. R——— has brought her "Polly" to say **au revoir** to "Loretta." What a sociable time these birds had talking to each other, so amusing to us all.

Now we are going at a speedy gate over hills and bridges by the water's edge, through winding roads, edged with the Autumn flowers of purple and gold; pretty, but dusty, drooping and parched for the much-needed rain.

Old Sol has refused to shine today, perhaps because we were leaving.

Now we are on the smooth, beautiful road. Here everyone speeds, and we did, too—our cars

a small caravan. How dark the heavens are, especially that one heavy cloud that seems to follow us. Oh, now we have turned, and think we have escaped the shower. Easy—careful—we are in the town and city where speeding is prohibited, and we must avoid arrest.

Nearer and nearer we come, until we have reached our main avenue, where we live. Here we are, at two seventy-nine! That number of many multiples, the number that goes with my name to every stranger I meet.

Safely carried, with all our traps, and "Michael" just stepped into the door, knowing and feeling this was his old home. Loretta, the Polly, laughed and said "Hello." So we are all here, ready to settle this domicile. I'm sure it will not take long, as we have several to help. I must tell you a secret. I do not feel as well as I might. This has been a tiresome undertaking. I have not had the rest and quiet I anticipated. I'll keep up until we are all through; then I'll rest.

"Rejoice not, if Fortune smiles upon thee; and if Humility overtake thee, mourn not, be-

cause of it, for in their time they shall cease and be no more."

XIV
SUNDAYS AND SHADOWS

OF ALL the days of the week there is none I look for and welcome with all my heart and soul as the Sabbath. Whether it be the first day of the week or the last, it seems more fitting to be called the last. "Six days shalt thou labor, and rest the seventh."

True, we live but today. Yesterday is gone and we never see tomorrow, for it is always today. How the golden moments melt into hours, hours into days, as we count them one by one. Do we realize they are as leaves in that book that tell the story of our life? Life, that spark of fire our Creator has shared so equally with His children. This Being whose beneficence is so great that the ordinary person accepts it as a matter of course. We only need the recognition of the Spirit within to mirror forth the divine intelligence of the gratitude we owe our Father of all

good who showers His favors of mercy upon all mortals. He is the Lord of all mankind, the Ruler of the throne and dust.

My Sabbaths are stepping stones to heaven. May they be yours! The soft Sabbath calm upon earth and this world of humanity, the sweet chimes or the musical church bells calling "Come, Come, to the house of God, the meeting place of the saints, the shrine of all that's holy, where we may commune, spirit with spirit, until we feel the heavenly aspiration soaring to the Source of all Spirit, and the soul that consciousness of good within us throbs with the joy of Love, Faith and Hope."

If you are blessed with one of the Lights of His face, as I am, you are rich indeed. The Rev. Dr. R———— is one of the noblemen of the Kingdom of heaven upon earth. A friend, a guide, a teacher with heart large enough to hold the trials, vexations and sorrows of all his flock, with a universal spirit of love for all, truly a great light and force in this day.

Do you wonder I count the days, until the Sabbath, greeting it with fervor and zeal. When

the rest of the soul is realized, and we go forth with the benediction of peace, good will to man for the next six days, these days merging into the real Christian life, that of letting your light shine.

Shadows are creeping about me—the power of resistance is getting less. Am I actually losing ground, physically? This wearing, nerve-wrecking pain! I must consult a physician. Common sense tells me I have forgotten the first principles of health, have burdened my too-willing self with tasks unequal to strength, and I am paying the penalty.

This "Americanitis"—of rushing and doing, grinding the mill without the power; the result is always the same. We wonder what is the cause; then call upon the wise physician, pay his bills, try his "dope" until the poisons refuse to digest. And our intuition, that serves us always, if we revert to it, hastens to our aid, suggests we may need a change of air, salt air, a change of scene, diet,—to seek a reliable "Rest Cure" for mind and body.

The decision was arrived at. The aversion for sanitoriums, going away from my own, with

strangers, all overcome. A two-weeks-stay would be the least time necessary for recovery. I leave in less than a week.

"The source of all good is trust in God, obedience to His command, and satisfaction in His will."

XV
THE DAY AND TRIP

THERE was a time when a stormy day would cast a gloom over my whole nature, a fretfulness almost unavoidable, and I would wonder how I should pass the day. It suggested reading, answering letters, clearing bureau drawers and closets, some mending to do, and a few stockings to darn. This would often happen all in one day.

After all, the rainy day has its mission. We accomplish so much in these days—really, we have a rainy day program, ready for use.

Somehow that rainy day disposition of mine has all vanished as I am "Being Led." I welcome it now, because I know the sun is shining

somewhere, and it is reflected from my heart. The shine is greater than the shadow.

"It is not raining rain to me;
It's raining violets.
In each dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers upon the hills.
It's not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils."

and the power of thought does its work.

I am unaware of clouds or rain. The day of my departure was all that a rainy day could be. The violets and daffodils were coming down in torrents. I left with suit-case, extra wraps, umbrella; couldn't have managed with any more. Reached the station, not waiting long for the through train. "Only two stops between here and A——— City," shouted the porter.

On the train, with help of course, a good seat provided, some reading matter, then we began to move. Soon the clickety-click of the train told us we are making some time.

I managed to read one article referring to the religious division of Germany, that country which commands so much attention these days. It was

an interesting account, telling us that thirty-five per cent. of the Germans are Romanists, and the rest denominational Protestants and Free Thinkers.

After reading, I became interested in a mother, opposite, with three children. Children always attract me. The mother, one of those motherly ones; the children were well-developed physically, and mentally, evidencing mother's trained development.

The eldest, a girl, a couple of years difference between she and "brother," as they called him, and about two years between Brother and Richard. The questions from and the answers to these bright offspring of modern days would fill a dictionary. It was, "Mother, what is the difference between this and that?" and "Why is this so?" It was always the well modulated voice of patience very pronounced, "Well, my dear, so and so is the reason, and she would satisfy every whimsical question.

After a while they became restless. Betty found her dolly, and Brother began teasing Richard. Then I heard the soft, firm voice call,

"Brother, unless you behave and stop teasing Richard you will come beside me and remain." Immediately he knew she meant what she said. And then it was "M-o-t-h-e-r ,will you allow us to sit over by that other window and see the water?" "Yes, if you know how to behave." And so the time passed before I was hardly aware that I had reached my destination.

I had learned several lessons on the way.

Here we are, at A——— City. Now for the bus, and then to the hotel sanatorium. I was received and welcomed, shown my room—a hasty toilet, for dinner was being served.

The first impression of a place is always my criterion. The beauty of decoration, furnishings, hangings, were all so plainly exquisite, so rich, the interior so brilliantly illuminated that with all my nervous tension and pain, I thought I had never witnessed so beautiful an exchange. I felt at home immediately, and my two weeks passed all too soon, with treatments afforded, and perfect care, I had almost forgotten I had any ailment.

The most interesting part of my visit was the

meeting of different characters. I will tell you of a few, for there were so many.

The first one I met at table. She was a self-satified, old maid; perhaps her illness made her so. Actually, she was afraid to smile. Oh, if you had seen me or heard me try to melt her icy demeanor. Almost urge her to break the monotony of silence, eating our meal without one word or a smile, with head down.

I said to her in the sweetest tone I could command: "Have you noticed that dear old lady with the curls about her face, her fancy dress; see, she has a red rose at her throat!"

"I haven't any desire to look about the dining room!"

Squelched! Thinking how can I stay at this table and remain a Christian. There were many other remarks quite as cold and severe, but the last was final. "Oh, Miss, I guess I did not get your name." Answer: "It does not make any difference what my name is."

Another snow-ball. I knew if I didn't seek more congenial company at another table, I should add nervous indigestion to the rest of my

pains, for I was bolting my food with dis-ease.

I was placed at another table, where the rest of my time was passed in gay repartee, delightful story-telling, a merry laugh from each one, conducive to good health, and long life. We welcomed each meal for the pleasantry.

There was the house matron, a study, for she seemed to think the smile was all that was necessary. Then Mr. F., the ministerial-looking man, sojourning to regain his lost health. Every time I met him he would explain to me how it happened.

"Twenty-five houses of my father's estate, eight of my own, to look after, and my store besides."

The poor man certainly had a burden to carry and he burdened me relating it so often. At last one evening I could not refrain from saying, "But you know you only have one natural life to live, why not try and enjoy it? You cannot take all this material wealth with you when you leave this world."

He did not tell me the story again. Perhaps he was thinking.

The little maiden lady from Washington. She was so fine and correct in her deportment, always the same patronizing manner. She knew Washington from A to Z; quite interesting, but so correct that her narrowness became irksome.

The judge, from Pittsburgh, a nervous breakdown, another unwise wise man.

The sweet face and sweeter character of Miss M———, from Toronto, the dearest companion of them all; so I could relate to you the meeting of so many who came and went.

We would meet every clear morning in the solarium on the top floor of the building, for our sun bath. It has a porch running all around it; again in the afternoon to see the perfect sunset.

Do you know, there is something about the ocean that creates majestic thoughts; it suggests grand, beautiful, powerful thoughts.

Oh, the sunsets on the sea, the golden light shimmering over the rippling waves, not forgetting the sunrise. This golden light seems the golden opportunities awaiting us, and suggests the Light from the Sun of Truth, so filling us that material belongings fade to mere nothingness in comparison.

A little later along comes Mr. Moon. I believe he is full again. We'll forgive him. It is not because he is weak that he becomes full; it's a habit so old, that we have learned to admire him for it.

I believe, I **know** I am better. This glorious spot, the cheerfulness of the maids, hallboys—and all in attendance, has become contagious, and I am smiling, exchanging pleasantries, being entertained, enjoying afternoon teas, and last, but not least, our feasts in the dining room.

Do you wonder I am well again, ready to return home and take up my duties, domestic and social, with renewed activity.

Try a "Rest Cure" when you need one. I recommend it.

"Reflect a little; hast thou ever heard of the Beloved and the stranger dwelling in the same heart? Therefore send away the stranger, so that the Beloved may enter His home."

XVI

HOME AGAIN

HOME, the sheltering arms of Love, Happiness, Comfort, and Hospitality; that's what my home is. I am here to receive you, dear reader. "Being Led" through experience of trial, sorrow, illness, loss, yet still "Being Led" by the All-knowing to this fourth season of winter, to dwell in this little haven of physical rest.

I am so happy to have met you. I feel we know each other better than when we first met. Come right in and be seated in our reception room—not over large. To make you more observing, I'll mention what my home contains.

You see the hangings at doors are old blue; the sofa and easy chairs the same shade of velour, re-upholstered, for they are slightly antique to us. My lovely Weber upright piano and oil paintings, large and small, have been with me for years. My cream lace curtains, with colored Oriental inside-curtains. There are my Turkish rugs, collected when I was faddish; the cream satin wall paper, with old blue, my favorite colors.

You will admire my dining room—old blue paper with conventional cut border, cream tinted shadow lamp, English oak furniture, my glass top to my dining table. You see I have the colors reversed from parlor, cream paper and blue decoration; here blue paper and cream decoration.

Here is my stained glass window, when the sun penetrates reflecting all the tints of cream, green and opaline.

Our "grandfather's" clock, an heir-loom. Do you know I cannot have too many mirrors. They, too, suggest thought, that of our lives reflecting the light, shed upon them from heaven. Did you notice my large mirror in the hall, and the one over each mantel.

Now, out to my dear kitchen. I love it as I do my parlor. Blue-green painted walls and wood-work. Linoleum to match, you would think a part of my parquet floors. Strange how I followed the color scheme in the kitchen; the walls are the shade of Loretta (Polly), the floors of "Michael" the dog. The dog is such a pretty shade of tan yellow.

Come to my next floor. Be careful going up-stairs. I'll light the electrolier and you will see better. The three walls have same paper, brown mottled, with a conventional stripe of gilt, and red, with a small red and gilt figure here and there. Everyone admires it. Don't you?

Right in my living room, please. My library, sanctum-sanctorium, where I love to meditate, plan, scheme, and write. You see my floors are all alike; they save so much work. This paper, you see, is brown, a frieze of rose-colored fleur-de-lis and small flags, ivory white trim. Do you like my tan, green and woody brown window curtains, with cream lace next to the window? Did you notice I have four very large windows, one facing the Southwest. Wouldn't I love to tell you the history of each picture in this room. I call them my friends. How they inspire our thoughts as dear friends do.

My phonograph, my own Dutch mahogany writing desk, the heavy antique mahogany center table, with the shadow light above it.

This old fashioned gilt mirror over the mantel, an antique I love.

What do you think of my great big Indian head and bust? Painted in oil, these beads of different color, I fastened around his neck. He is life-size, and profile. The vision of that face speaks almost audibly the power and strength of their character.

I almost forgot to introduce you to my friends in the book-cases. Some day come and help yourself to their contents.

Now in my room notice the white satin striped paper with its border of pink roses, not very large. I chose the small ones. You will notice my beautiful brass bed, my mahogany dresser and dressing bureau. See this old fashioned mahogany and gilt mirror, three mirrors in this room. My rose and green rugs, the curtains are white scrim, with rose border, the hangings delicate Dresden and green stripe. I call this my Rizwan, my rose garden.

This is my daughter's room, another room just like mine, but smaller, same decorations, with white furniture and brass bed. I call this room the "sea shell," and she the pearl within.

My dear bath room, small, but so convenient.

When we know "cleanliness is next to Godliness." This is white and blue.

Upstairs again to my front guest chamber, in yellow and white hangings, ivory satin striped paper with yellow, rose border, twin brass beds.

Did you notice the large old fashioned mahogany bureau in the hall; that I had polished. That was my great-grandmother's first bureau. The glass knobs are so decorative.

That mahogany Chippendale table in the guest room, brought from Holland, over a hundred years ago; isn't it polished well? This is the only place I have for it to stand.

Father's room next. I have not spoken of him before, for I thought it appropriate to leave him till last. The last is the best of all—and Father will receive us, and show us his room. It's a large, light, quiet room, with such pretty paper, and he has all his old fashioned furniture. The pictures of his family, long since gone; his books, his desk, and everything just as he wants it. His hair-cloth couch where he rests each day, for he is eighty-three years old, and is tottering down the path of life—all too soon for me, for

as long as I have him, I have a sense of security and comfort so natural to a child; typical of the Father who shelters and provides and cares for us, whether we realize it or not. He is always our Father, awaiting our return home.

And now, dear reader, I am almost at the end of my story, still "Being Led" through truth and love from a heart sincere, giving you this message, which I will leave with you.

There is a great Light in the world, the glory of the Fatherhood of God, which prophets of old said would be manifested in the fullness of time, and the books would be unsealed. It has appeared in this country; this Day of God, this end of the age, of this dispensation. It was prophesied that the Christ Spirit would return in the glory of the Father.

It did return in the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty-four, Solar Time, Twelve Hundred and Sixty, Lunar, both corresponding, proclaiming the oneness of God and Humanity, and the oneness of nations and religions.

We must overcome all prejudice, racial, religious and political, and proclaim Unity in Love,

Peace and Harmony at this dawn of the Millennium.

Where did this appear? In the East—the Holy Land—. Read your prophesies, turn your face to the East and recognize the Centre of the Covenant; not a new religion, but the old religion renewed, as it always has been and is now.

This Light of Glory is for all the world, all mankind, who are God's progeny, and who says "Every knee shall bow to me!"

May you seek and find this essence of the Truth; it is for you.

GOD—LIGHT.

"ALWAYS"

"I pray the prayer the Easterners do:
'May the peace of Allah abide with you.'
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow."

"Through days of labor, and nights of rest,
The love of good Allah make you blest;
So I touch my heart, as the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you."

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